



THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

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ed to her to keep quiet.

Sir Jonas tossed up his head then and bolted for the tree where Miss Grace had her refuge. Then I saw it was the red lining of her Parisian parasol which had enraged him. "Throw it down!" I called out to her. She could not find it in her heart to toss it straight down to Sir Jonas, who would

have trampled it at once, so she cast it sidelong toward me, and inch by inch I beat Sir Jonas in the race to it. Then I resolved that he should not have it at all and so tossed it into the branches of another tree as I ran.

"Come," called the girl to me, "jump! Get up into a tree. He can't catch you there."

But I was in no mind to take to a tree and wait for some inglorious discovery by a rescue party from the house. I found my fighting blood rising and became of the mind to show Sir Jonas who was his master regardless of who might be his owner. He charged me again and again, keeping me hard put to it to find trees enough even in an orchard full of trees. Once he ripped the bark half off a big trunk as I sprang behind it, and he stood with his head still pressed there not two feet from where I was with my hand against the tree braced for a sudden spring. His front foot dug in the sod, his eyes were red, and between his grumbles his breath came in puffs and snorts of anger.

Near by me on the ground lay a ragged limb cut from some tree by the pruners, now dry, tough and not ill shaped for a club. I reached back with my foot and pulled it within reach, then stooped quickly and got it in hand, breaking off a few of the lesser branches with one foot as we still stood there eyeing each other. "Now, sir," said I to Sir Jonas at last, "I shall show you that no little bull two years old can make me a laughing-stock." Then I sprang out and carried the war into Africa forthwith.

Sir Jonas was surprised when I came from behind the tree and swung a hard blow to the side of his tender nose, and as I repeated this he grunted, blew out his breath and turned his head to one side with closed eyes, raising his muzzle aloft in pain. Once more I struck him fair on the muzzle, and this time he bawled loudly in surprise and anguish and so turned to run. This act of his offered me fair hold upon his tail, and so affixed to him I followed, smiting him upon the back with blows which I think cut through his hide where the pointed knots struck. Thus with loud orders and with a voice which he ought better to have remembered I brought him to his senses and pursued him entirely out of the orchard, so that he had no mind whatever to return. After which, with what dignity I could summon, I returned to the tree where Grace Sheraton was still perched aloft and helped her down to earth once more.

"Tell me, Jack Cowles," she said, "is there anything in the world you are afraid to do?" "At least I'm not afraid to give a lesson to any little Sir Jonas that has forgot his manners," I replied. "But I hope you are not hurt in any way?" She shook her head, smoothing out her gown, and we seated ourselves again upon our fallen apple tree. Her hand fell upon my coat sleeve. We raised our eyes. They met. Our lips met also—I do not know how.

I do not hold myself either guilty or guiltless. I am only a man now. I was only a boy then. But even then I had my notions, right or wrong, as to what a gentleman should be and do. At least this is how Grace Sheraton and I became engaged.

I shall never forget the scene there under the oaks of the Sheraton front yard which met my gaze when Miss Grace and I came about the corner of the house.

Before us and facing each other stood my father and Colonel Sheraton, the former standing straight and tall, Colonel Sheraton with tightly clinched hand resting on his stick, his white hair thrown back, his shaggy brows contracted. My mother sat in the low rocker which had been brought to her, and opposite her, leaning forward, was Mrs. Sheraton, tall, thin, her black eyes fixed upon the men. Orme, also standing, his hands behind him, regarded the troubled men intently. Near at hand was the Sheraton's Jim, his face also fixed upon them, and such was his own emotion that he had tipped his silver tray and dropped one of the Sheraton cut glass julep glasses to the sod.

"I tell you, Cowles," said Colonel Sheraton, grinding his stick into the turf, "you do not talk like a Virginian. If the north keeps on this course then we southerners must start a country of our own. Look, man!" He swept about him an arm which included his own wild acres and ours, lying shim-

mering clear to the thin line of the old Blue Ridge. "We must fight for these homes!"

"You forget, colonel," said my father in his low, deep voice, "that this man Lincoln has not yet been elected, and that even if elected he may prove a greater figure than we think. He has not yet had a chance to learn the south."

Orme had been standing silent, his face indifferent or faintly lighted with a habitual cynicism. Now he broke in. "He will never be elected," he said emphatically. "It would ruin the entire industry of the south. The south must secede, gentlemen, if you will allow me as a stranger to venture an opinion."

My mother turned her gaze to him, but it was Sheraton who spoke.

"It goes back to the old articles of federation, our first compact," he said. "From the very first the makers of this country saw that by reason of diverse industries the south was separated from the north. This secession has been written in the sky from the beginning of the world."

"Nay, Brother Sheraton," broke in my mother eagerly, "it was the union of brotherhood that was written first in the sky."

He turned to her with the bow of a gentleman. "It is you ladies who knit the world together with kindness," he said. "Alas, that men must rend it with fighting."

"Alas!" whispered she. Sheraton's face was sad as he went on with the old justification. "Jefferson would turn over in his grave if he saw Virginia divided as it is. Why, Cowles, we've all the world we need here. We can live alone here, each on his own acres, a gentleman, and all he needs of government is protection and fair laws. Calhoun was right. Better give us two peaceful countries, each living happily and content, than one at war with itself. Clay was a great man, but both he and Webster were fighting against the inevitable."

"The war has already begun on the border," said my father. "My friend and partner, Colonel Meriwether of Albemarle, who is with the army in the west, says that white men are killing white men all across the lands west of the Missouri."

"At least, Cowles," said Colonel Sheraton, pacing a short way apart, his hands behind his back, "we can wait until after this election."

"But if the government takes action?" suggested Orme.

Sheraton whirled quickly. "Then war, war," he cried, "war till each Virginian is dead on his doorstep and each woman starved at her bedside! John Cowles, you and I will fight. I know that you will fight."

"Yes," said my father, "I will fight."

"And with us?"

"No," said my father, sighing; "no, my friend, against you." I saw my mother look at him and sink back in her chair. I saw Orme also gaze at him sharply with a peculiar look.

But so, at least, this argument ended for the time. The two men, old neighbors, took each other slyly by the hand, and presently, after talk of more pleasant sort on lesser matters, the servants brought our carriage, and we started back for Cowles' Farms.

There had been no opportunity for me to mention to Colonel and Mrs. Sheraton something that was upon my mind. I had small chance for farewell to Miss Grace, and, if I shall admit the truth, this pleased me quite as well as not.

We rode in silence for a time, my father musing, my mother silent also. It was Orme who was the first I heard to speak.

"By the way, Mr. Cowles," he said, "you spoke of Colonel Meriwether of Albemarle county. Is he away in the west? It chances that I have letters to him, and I was purposing going into that country before long."

"Indeed, sir?" replied my father. "I am delighted to know you are to meet my friend. As it chanced, he is my associate in a considerable business enterprise—a splendid man, a splendid man, Meriwether. I will, if you do not mind, add my letter to others you may have, and I trust you will carry him our best wishes from this side of the mountains."

That was like my father—innocent, unsuspecting, ever ready to accept other men as worthy of this trust and ever ready to help a stranger as he might. For myself, I confess I was more suspicious. Something about Orme set me on edge. I knew not what I heard them speaking further about Meriwether's being somewhere in the west and heard Orme also say carelessly that he must in any case run over to Albemarle and call upon some men whom he was to meet at the University of Virginia. We did not ask his errand, and none of us suspected the purpose of his systematic visiting among the more influential centers of that country. But if you will go now to that white domed building planned by Thomas Jefferson at Charlottesville and read the names on the brzen tablets by the doors, names of boys who left school there to enter a harder school, then you will see the results of the visit there of Gordon Orme.

My little personal affairs were at that time so close to me that they obscured clear vision of larger ones. I did not hear all the talk in the carriage, but pulled my horse in behind and so rode on moodily, gazing out across the pleasant lands to the foot of old Catoctin and the dim Blue Ridge. A sudden discoment assailed me. Must I live here always? Must I settle down and be simply a farmer forever? I wanted to ride over there, over the Rock Fish gap, where once King Charles' men broke a bottle in honor of the king, and took possession of all the lands west of the Pacific. The west—the word in some way thrilled in my blood—I knew not



His Breath Came In Puffs and Snorts of Anger.

why. I was a boy. I had not learned to question any emotion, and introspection troubled me no more than it did my pointer dog.

Before we had separated at the door of our house I motioned to my mother, and we drew apart and seated ourselves beneath our own oaks in the front yard of Cowles' Farms. Then I told her what had happened between Miss Grace and myself and asked her if she was pleased.

"I am very content with thee," she answered slowly, musingly. "Thee must think of setting, Jack, and Miss Grace is a worthy girl. I hope it will bring peace between our families always." I saw a film cross her clear, dark eye. "Peace!" she whispered to herself. "I wish that it might be."

But peace was not in my heart. Leaving her presently, I once more swung leg over saddle and rode off across our fields as sad a lover as ever closed the first day of his engagement to be wed.

(To Be Continued.)

NEW BAGGAGE RULE IN EFFECT JULY 1

Forty-five Inch Dimension Limit Then and This Will Be Reduced in 1914.

A new rule relative to the size of baggage goes into effect on western railroads on July 1.

This regulation was adopted by the railcarriers in western territory several weeks ago, and provides that an extra charge shall be made for carrying trunks whose greatest dimension exceeds forty-five inches.

The additional tax will be levied on the basis of ten pounds of baggage for every inch exceeding forty-five inches. Strict rules will be enforced regarding the measurements, as well as the weighing of all trunks.

The new rule also limits the size of show scenery. It will be necessary to place all scenery exceeding a certain length in special cars, and managers of theatrical troupes will be required to attend to the loading and unloading in the place of an employe of the railroad company.

The question of an extra charge for carrying large-sized trunks has been the subject of numerous conferences during the last several months between representatives of commercial organizations and the railroads.

Originally it was hoped that the railroads might be induced to establish a fifty-inch limit, but the latter declined to concede more than forty-five inches.

The contention was made by the commercial interests that the rule was too drastic and that more time should be given before it went into effect.

Plans were considered by the railroads last fall for putting the new regulations into effect January 1, 1912, but this idea was abandoned after numerous protests had been received.

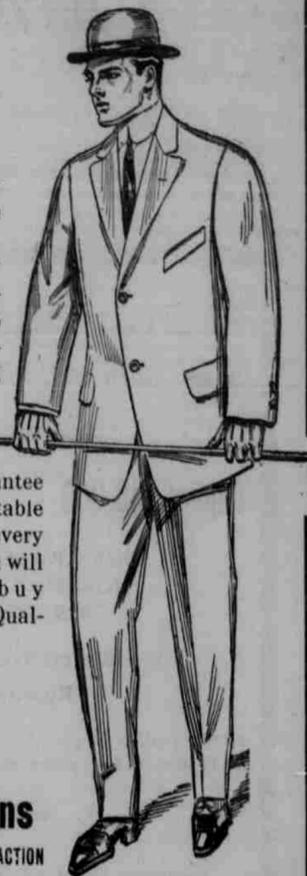
The railroads also have decided to reduce the size limit to forty inches, beginning July 1, 1914.

It is now well known that not more than one case of rheumatism in ten requires any internal treatment whatever. All that is needed is a free application of Chamberlain's Liniment and massaging the parts at each application. Try it and see how quickly it will relieve the pain and soreness. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Mrs. Harry West and Mrs. Abner Copeland of Los Angeles arrived today to visit their cousin, W. D. Jones and family, for a time.

When you need it BAD, you want it GOOD!

Reason enough why you should come here for your clothes. 33 years of quality service to this community entitles us to your utmost confidence. You will find here the kind of merchandise you can absolutely depend upon. Our guarantee of satisfaction is a veritable insurance policy for every dollar you buy. You will save money if you buy clothes here "Where Quality Counts."



C. E. Wescott's Sons ALWAYS THE HOME OF SATISFACTION

In District Court.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The court was engaged yesterday afternoon and today in the selection of a jury and trial of the case of Henry Van Ackern vs. George Brunhoeber, the controversy being over the alienation of the affections of Mrs. Van Ackern. The following gentlemen have been selected to try the facts: Walter Vallery, Lee Cotner, G. E. Young, A. L. Zink, Asbury Jacks, John Wood, sr., Charles Cunningham, Guy McMaken, J. K. Pollock, Leonard Born, Robert B. Windham and Charles Gerlack. The plaintiff is represented by Rawls & Robertson and the defendant by Louthan, Jeary & Berge. The plaintiff is a resident of near Elmwood, in this county, while the defendant resides in Oklahoma.

The jury in the case of Pankonin vs. Gorder, agreed last night and the verdict, in favor of the defendant, Mr. Gorder, was received and the jury discharged by the court at that time. The result is the reverse of the finding of the jury at the former term of court.

A sprained ankle may as a rule be cured in from three to four days by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

New Ball Team.

The Winterstein Hill base ball team was organized last evening. Louie Smith was chosen manager of the team. The players are: Catcher Whelan Pitcher L. Smith First base Ofe Second base Rothman Shortstop Tander Third base Lushinsky Left field E. Smith Center field Warthen Right field Warstat

John Snead, who is now a resident of Sioux City, Iowa, called at this office and ordered a copy of the Plattsmouth Journal sent to his address in order that he might be kept posted on the happenings in this city.

Grand Colony Excursion

For Ladies and Gentlemen

Will be Given Through the Auspices of the American Townsite Co., of San Antonio, from Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoman and Nebraska to Texas.

A town lot and five acre tracts will be sold for fruit and truck farms, summer and winter homes, for three hundred dollars; ten dollars down and ten dollars per month, no interest or taxes until paid for.

Special cars will be in service, a banquet will be given at Hotel LaSalle, a free oyster and clam bake will be served in grove near Beach.

Fishing and sailing will be at your pleasure at Seadrift and Port O'Connor.

This trip will be the event of your life. Everybody come and bring your friends. Trains will leave Omaha and other points in Nebraska, June 18th, Kansas City, June 19th, at 9 a. m. Oklahoma City and Muskogee, June 19th, and intermediate points.

Route and tickets on the Frisco to Port O'Connor. Under all circumstances connect with the Frisco.

Remember this, its gold to you.

For further information address,

DOCTOR C. I. HUTCHASON,

Savoy Hotel,

Kansas City, Mo.

(Mention my name at our office.)